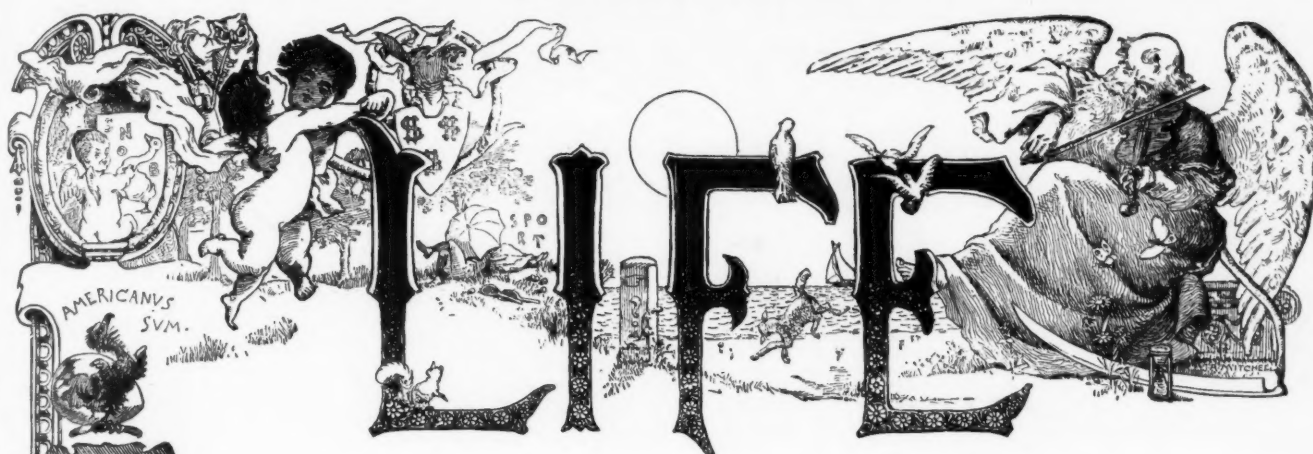


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Briton: ARE YOU IN FAVOR OF ENGLAND GRANTING HOME RULE TO IRELAND?
New Yorker: YES—IF IRELAND WILL GRANT HOME RULE TO AMERICA.

LIFE.



C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS.

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High-Class Nouveautes

In all departments throughout their establishment.

Their importations have been on a much larger scale than heretofore, enabling them to offer the

Choicest Productions

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1280 BROADWAY (COR. 33d STREET),

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Correspondence Solicited.

Clean. Of this we have constantly spoken. There is nothing that could be done that we do not do to insure the most scrupulous cleanliness in the preparation of our soups.

Appetizing. When they are served how appetizing they look. The clear soups are clear and the thick soups are perfectly smooth.

Taste Good. And the first taste, how good is! And how eagerly the rest is eaten. With such a relish there is a stronger appetite for the dinner which follows.

All ready but for warming. Enquire of your grocer for them, and be sure you get the Franco-American brand. A sample can of any of the 18 varieties will be sent on receipt of 14 cents for postage.

Franco-American Food Co.

West Broadway and Franklin Street, New York.



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GORHAM MFG. CO., SILVERSMITHS,

Broadway and 19th St., New York.

LINES

Sent with a mirror.

THERE are but few among the human race,
To whom I would vouchsafe so much of grace ;
But since *I* cannot see my darling's face,
You may—you lucky devil—in my place !

A. G.

LINES

On receiving a very pretty mirror, with some very pretty verses.

THERE are not many 'mong the sons of men,
Who have such taste—or such a graceful pen ;
And since you want to see me now and then,
You may—you luckless devil—come at ten !

G. A.



MOONLIGHT PERSIFLAGE IN LONDON.

"THAT's a magnificent star, Irving," said Mr. Burnand to the eminent actor, pointing to Jupiter.

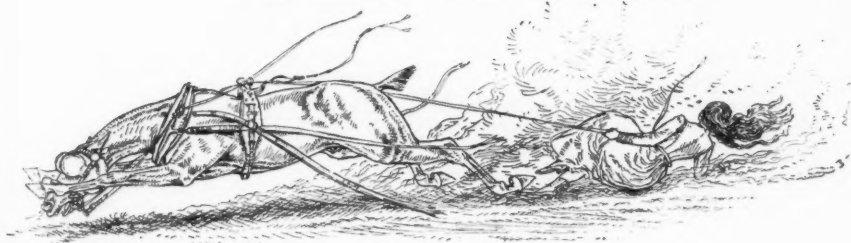
"Yes ; but it isn't in it with me," returned Irving.

"It can't play Hamlet."

"No. That's where you're alike," said Burnand.



THOSE RELIABLE HORSE ADVERTISEMENTS.



"GENTLE AND SAFE. HAS BEEN DRIVEN BY A LADY."

PLAYWRIGHT : In this scene the starving baby is rescued from the hands of the blood-thirsty villain.

MANAGER (*doubtfully*) : But where can we get a baby to impersonate the part ?

PLAYWRIGHT (*eagerly*) : You can have mine.

ALPHABETICAL ORDER :
Send me a set of child's blocks.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XVIII. OCTOBER 1st, 1891. No. 457.
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00. Back numbers, one year old, 20 cents per copy. Vols. III. to XVII., inclusive, bound or in flat numbers, at \$5.00 per volume. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope. Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.



SOMETHING was done the other day at Saratoga. The authorities differ as to precisely what it was. Speaking in bulk it is easy to say that Mr. Flower and Mr. Sheehan were nominated to the top places on the Democratic ticket, but speaking in smaller parcels it is not quite so easy to say what was done, or, to be more precise, who did it. It is tolerably certain that it was not done by Col. Jones, of Binghamton, nor by Hugh McLaughlin, of Brooklyn, nor by the Cleveland Democracy, of Buffalo, nor by the County Democracy, of New York. None of these powers were in it. The question is, how far it was done by Governor Hill; and on the answer to that query depends a good deal.



SOME of the correspondents declare that it was Richard Croker's work, and that when the Governor showed a willingness to persist, Richard, who is almost himself again, firmly but gently forbade. They say, too, that Mr. Sheehan did his part of it himself, and that when the Governor suggested to him that it was not his year, he recorded his disagreement with that opinion. This much is noticeable, that even the Republican papers, which are unscrupulously fond in and out of season of attributing Democratic actions to Mr. Hill and calling it "Hillism," have not seen fit to hold the Governor responsible for what was done at Saratoga. All of which makes it seem likely, though not certain, that the New York Democrats have progressed so far in the direction of a new boss as to have got rid of their old one. That was a good deal to accomplish. Whether it was accomplished and will stay accomplished de-

pends no doubt in great measure upon whether or not Mr. Flower is the sort of chrysanthemum that blooms in November.



SPEAKING the other day, not without a suggestion of professional pride, of the attention bestowed by the newspapers on a recent wedding in high life at Newport, our neighbor, the New York Sun, commented upon the development of a public interest in "a circle of luxurious society" in this country, whose "dimensions are so small that all of its more prominent members have become in some sort public characters." Thanks to the newspapers, the Sun said the names and faces of these persons have become everywhere familiar, and so great is the popular interest in their personality and the fascination and glamour of their lives, that they have become "like the rare and priceless jewels in crowns, upon which the people look with feelings approaching awe."

We believe our humorous contemporary is some distance out in this matter and that a large percentage of its own readers will shake with inextinguishable laughter at the idea of likening McAllister's gang to rare and priceless jewels, or looking at them with anything remotely resembling awe.



WE ordinary people have always more or less appetite for tattle and gossips, and like to know about other people, and how they live. That is why we read novels, and why we read newspapers, and it accounts for the pains newspapers take to gather tattle for us. The chief reason why McAllister's folks figure in the newspapers to such an extent is that they are exceptionally conspicuous. They are rich, as a rule, and they spend their incomes on clothes, houses, horses, balls and such matters, to any very high enjoyment of which publicity is essential. No doubt there are a good many chuckleheads whose knees shake a little when the 400 sweeps by, but the normal American, when he is interested in them at all, is interested in much the same way as he is in the young woman who jumps through the paper covered hoop at the circus.

All the world's a stage, and some of the McAllister troupe are very pretty performers whom it is diverting to watch. If some of the spectators get stage-struck they must take the punishment usually meted out to idiots of their kind. And that is all there is of it.



REUNITED —

SEPTEMBER



JUST how grateful the American hog should be to Minister Phelps, it is impossible to say. It probably doesn't make any great difference to him whether he is killed for the American or the German market. One thing is certain, though—the people of Chicago ought at least to send Minister Phelps a barrel of sugar-cured hams as a mark of their gratitude.

IT'S a good thing for the German Emperor that he isn't conducting his business in this country. Long before this the walking delegates of the Journeyman Barbers' Union would have waited upon him with strong hints that, if he expected the support of the Union in the next election, he would have to forego raising a beard. Despotism has its advantages, after all.

USING the corruption in American politics as a background for their own political purity has long been a favorite practice with our Canadian neighbors. Professor Goldwin Smith now has an excellent opportunity to write an essay with "People who live in glass houses, etc." for a text.

"YES," says the Bear, "I believe I'll have a bit of Turkey."
"No," says the Lion, "I don't believe Turkey will agree with you."

But the Bear goes on wanting Turkey just the same, and if the Lion ever turns his back or goes to sleep, the maps will simply indicate where Turkey used to be.



FRESH AIR FUND.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$3,602.84	B. A. H.....	\$4.00
Constant Reader.....	5.00	A Wager.....	10.00
K. F.....	5.00	From the Children members of	
Proceeds of a fair held by Agnes		the Guild of the Holy Inno-	
Willard Bartlett at Princeton,		cents of the Maria Kip Orphan-	
Mass., Sept. 4, 1891.....	8.52	age, San Francisco, Cal.....	3.00
E. E. Johnson.....	6.00	Total.....	\$8,652.26

TRUE TO HER SEX.

RANCHERO: I can tell you, we see some mighty curious sights out West. Before I left a woman was arrested for poisoning her husband and several small children. She was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. She mounted the scaffold with a firm step. Before the black cap was drawn over her head, the sheriff asked her if there was any last word—

LISTENER: Well?

RANCHERO: She hadn't finished when I moved away.

CLARA: I thought you expected your French maid on this steamer?

MAUD: I did. But the steamer didn't stop at Queenstown.



Voice from Doorway: MARY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT THERE?

Mary: I'M LOOKING AT THE MOON.

Voice from Doorway: WELL, TELL THE MOON TO GO HOME, AND YOU COME INTO THE HOUSE. IT'S HALF PAST ELEVEN.



AT SUCH A MOMENT, TOO.

School-boy (to master, who has lost his foot-hold): I SUPPOSE THERE WON'T BE NO SCHOOL TO-MORROW, MISTER WALKER?

A JUDGMENT.

TRAMP: Madam, I'm slowly starving to death.
HIRED GIRL: Serves ye right. Ye haint fit to die all tu onct like decent folks.



CHECK MATES.

REFERRED TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

POET: I have a little poem here, sir, that has been indited—

EDITOR: Well, sir, I would be glad to see it convicted, but I can't try it.

HORSE SENSE.

MRS. EASTERN: My goodness me, Hiram, I see by the papers that a man has just died, aged 118 years.

MR. EASTERN: Waal, wan't it 'bout time, Maria?



"NOW, KEEP STILL, FIDO; YOU WILL SCARE THIS FISH AWAY."



The Fish: DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME; I'M NOT AT ALL AFRAID OF DOGS.



He: HOW CAN YOU DEFEND YOURSELF? WHY DID YOU GO ON ENCOURAGING ME? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE MARRIED.

She: BUT I DIDN'T KNOW THAT YOU WERE SINGLE.

HE (*persuasively, over the area gate*): Come along out for a moonlight shtroll wid me, Biddy. We don't be afther havin' a night loike this ivery day!

BOOKISHNESS

"THE MAMMON OF UNRIGHTEOUSNESS."

IN his latest novel, "The Mammon of Unrighteousness," (Lovell), Mr. H. H. Boyesen has taken a new departure in method and intent. Heretofore his short stories and novels have been romantic or pervasively sentimental. You always expected mildly dramatic situations which would bring two lovers together, or separate them in a heart-rending way. But in a preface to this book he announces a definite creed: "My one endeavor in this book has been to depict persons and conditions which are profoundly and typically American. I have disregarded all romantic traditions, and simply asked myself in every instance, not whether it was amusing, but whether it was true to the logic of reality—true in color and tone to the American sky, the American soil, the American character."

* * *

IN judging the measure of fulfilment of his purpose, an American reader who is rather proud of his country and her achievements will be disposed to think that Mr. Boyesen falls short of things "profoundly and typically American," but has put in their stead things entirely local and sporadic, the product of conditions which are peculiar." Very few Americans found a great university, and of those who do *Obed Larkin* hardly can be considered a type. Neither is he a type of the successful self-made man except in the intensity of his purpose and the narrowness of his horizon. What *Obed* is, is a composite of surface characteristics, which any observer may mark in men of strong personality, imbued with certain mental and emotional traits which have been handed down through generations of the romantic drama as the proper outfit for a Stern Parent.

And that, one may venture to think, is the weak point of the whole novel. It is a conglomerate resulting from the intelligent effort to follow the realistic method, when the author's equipment and previous performances are vigorously romantic. The two things will not mix, and the reader is compelled to shift his mental attitude in every chapter. Just when he is romantically sympathizing with the predicament of *Gertrude*, he is brought up short by a bit of realism which shows him that he must despise her for "mushiness." And when the reader has clothed his heart with the impenetrable mail of cynicism (which is supposed to be the proper garb for intellectual exercise) he finds himself plunged into a situation where he must be a sentimentalist or laugh at the whole performance.

* * *

MR. BOYEBSEN seems to come nearest being "profoundly and typically American" in his portrait of *Horace Larkin*, the lawyer of some education and thoughtfulness, and great natural force, who determines to be a political leader by the means which are at hand—never being more corrupt than is absolutely necessary for success. The development of this character is a careful piece of work from first to last, and if the story had knit itself closely around him, without digressions into half a dozen other tales, it would have been strong and effective.

It is a fine thing too, artistically, to bring him into contrast with *Kate Van Schaak*, the epitome of what several generations of wealth and refinement are supposed to produce in New York City. As a matter of fact she is more like the product of suddenly acquired wealth—for women are slow to learn how to be rich graciously and unselfishly; and *Kate* is both selfish and ungracious.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

LITERARY INDUSTRIES. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mmina. By Laurence L. Lynch. Chicago: Laird and Lee.

The Story of Reine. By Jean de la Brète. Translation by Mrs. J. W. Davis. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Donald Ross of Heim-a. By William Black. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Marguerite. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

Delaplaine. By M. T. Walworth. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

The Wages of Sin. Translated from the German. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

How Salvator Won, and Other Recitations. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. New York: Edgar S. Werner.

The Dethroned Heiress. By Miss Eliza A. Dupuy. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

DASHAWAY (to little Willie Slimson):

When your sister comes down, Willie, and is comfortably seated on the sofa with me, I want you to tiptoe in softly, and turn the gas down low.

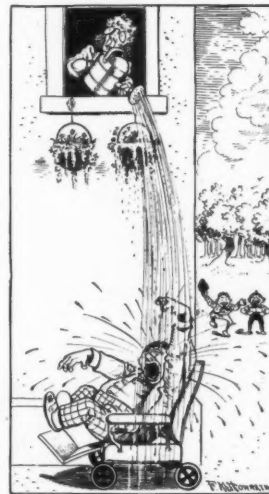
WILLIE: You're too late. Sister just told me to come in and turn it out.

JACK: It is no wonder the Chicago girl is proud.

TOM: Why not?

JACK: Because all the newspaper writers in the country are at her feet.

THE WICKED GRANDSONS.



THE SAD REFLECTIONS OF
MORTIMER GAYBOY.



TO tell her that he was not a marrying man, was one of the hardest things Mortimer Gayboy ever had to do. The little break that came in her voice when she said she had never thought he was, betrayed to him a weight of disappointment in her feminine heart which made him feel that he had been rather a cad.

He had been back from the country a whole week, now, but, try as he would, he could not get that plaintive note out of his ears. And her face, too, turned up in the moonlight with a little look of defiance in the eyes, and a traitorous quivering of the lip, would not out of his sight.

He was sitting at his desk, and, after vainly striving to lose himself in his work, abandoned himself to thoughts of his Summer's infamy.

"Confound those newspaper men," he said to himself. "I thought she was only one of their 'Summer girls,' and that when Fall came she would be ready to forget all about me."

"That's the woman of it, though—they always do what you don't expect them to do.

"How the dickens was I to know she was in earnest? And she was so easy, too! Let me call her Gladys the third time we met.



A SHADY RETREAT.

If that wasn't the mark of a Summer girl, I don't know what is.

"And then when we got caught in the rain and I held her hand under the blanket. Great Scott! Why didn't she get offended instead of laughing at me and saying that if I could get any comfort out of it she didn't mind? I don't know a fellow who wouldn't think she was fooling.

"I don't know what I said to her that night on the piazza when she let me kiss her. Suppose I told her I loved her. She ought to have known better, though, than to take it so blessed seriously. Why couldn't she have looked at it the same way I did—enjoy ourselves for a few weeks and then come back to town and no harm done?

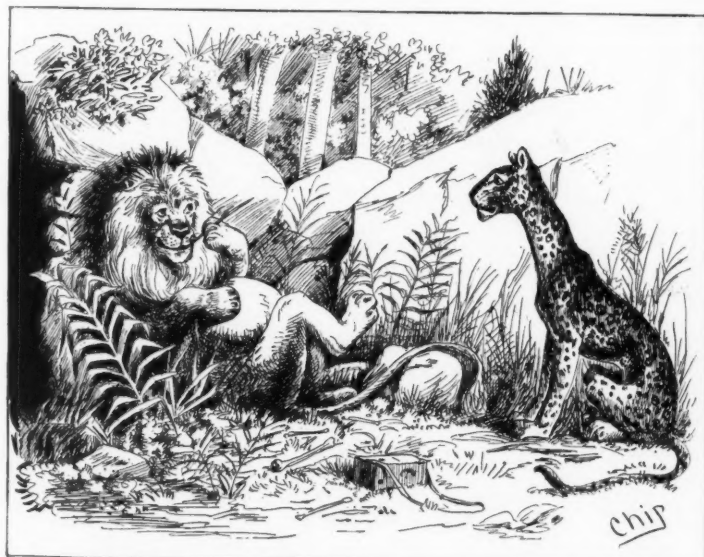
"But she was plucky, though, poor little devil. Never said anything disagreeable or made any fuss.

Just that one little sob—if it was a sob—and then she tried to laugh. Poor little girl! Hang it, I'm a brute, and I'll never look at another woman as long as I live. (*Aloud.*) What's that, Willie?"

"The boy said he was to get an answer."

"H'm. 'M. Gayboy, Esquire'—I wish folks would learn to spell out my front name—'Dear Sir: We would be obliged if you would call at our office to-morrow (Tuesday) morning at ten o'clock. We have been retained by Miss Gladys Wilkins, but we think that by conferring with us you may be able to avoid the annoyance and publicity of a suit. Yours very truly, Suem and Doem, Attorneys.' Very well, Willie. Tell the boy to say 'All right.' Well, I'll be blessed. Well, well, *well!* Summer girl! Gladys! No wonder she was plucky. Of all the monumental, confounded idiots on earth—

Metcalfe.



The Leopard: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT MAN WITH A CAMERA WHO WENT BY HERE ABOUT AN HOUR AGO?

Lion: OH, HE'S OUT OF SIGHT.

ROBBY: How did the Sphinx get the credit for being so wise, papa?

MR. NORRIS: By keeping his mouth shut for three thousand years.

AU REVOIR



· LIFE ·

OUR



END OF THE SUMMER.



"JOHN, I FOUND A TWENTY DOLLAR NOTE IN THE POCKET OF YOUR LAST SUMMER'S WAISTCOAT TO-DAY, SO I GOT ME A BONNET."

"HUMPH!"

"I MENTIONED IT BECAUSE I BELIEVE HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY, EVEN WITH ONE'S OWN HUSBAND.—YOU WOULD THANK A SERVANT—BUT YOUR OWN WIFE——" (*Bursts into tears.*)



BILL NYE'S FIRST OFFENSE.



WHEN a professional humorist so far forgets the dignity of his calling as to become a dramatist, it is time for something to be done. *LIFE* will see to it that the walking delegates of the Amalgamated Association of American Humorists pay a visit to Mr. William Edgar Nye, to ascertain whether there exists any good and sufficient reason why he should not be expelled from the order.

Possibly Mr. Nye will stand on the technical ground that "The Cadi" is not a play, and in this view of the case almost every one will agree with him. The popular idea of a play is that it should have a plot and dramatic action. "The Cadi" is as innocent of these as any tableaux ever given before a country Sunday-school.

Another popular impression with regard to the drama is that the different characters should represent different people. In "The Cadi" the leading character represents Bill Nye himself. In make-up and intonation he gets as near to the living original as possible. The other characters do not attempt this physical resemblance, but in every other respect they are also Bill Nye. They are called

variously *Silent Sage Hen*, *Hop Long*, *Croupy Dagget*, *Arietta Kilgore*, and by other names, but they are all Bill Nye in different costumes, including petticoats. It is a good thing to have a pronounced individuality, but Mr. Nye has so strongly impressed the children of his brain with it, that the family resemblance becomes a bit tiresome.

Well, then, we have a piece with no plot, no action, and all the characters talking the same kind of talk. The natural inference is that the piece is a failure. Judged by the ordinary dramatic standards it is certainly not a success. But through it all flows the resistless flood of Mr. Nye's humor, taking the place of all the essentials usually necessary to dramatic action. There is enough of it, and to spare—

DRESS REFORM.



"I THINK IT'S TOO MEAN FOR ANYTHING, THE WAY MY—ER—YOU KNOW, BAG AT THE KNEES!"



Bloster (writing to head of firm):

DEAR SIR:

It will be impossible for me to get down to business to-day, as my wife has worn my only pair of trousers to a meeting of the Chattalker Women's Dress Reform Association. I shall be on hand early to-morrow, as I intend to put them on when she retires and remain in them all night.

Yours truly,

JAY BLOTZER.



THE CONSTELLATION OF O'RYAN.



She: A THIRD OF ALL THE POETRY IN THIS BOOK IS WRITTEN BY THAT DEAR MR. CHAUTER, AND THE BULK OF IT WILL LIVE.

He: YES, I HOPE SO. I DON'T CARE TO COME ACROSS IT IN THE OTHER WORLD, TOO.

THE REASON WHY.

NO more beside the moonlit sands,
Do young folks wander, holding hands,
While Love's old tales are being told,
Because—it's growing too blamed cold.

so much that the average audience is bound to miss a good deal of it. Half of it might be missed and yet the spectators would get their money's worth of laughter.

The principal part is taken by Mr. Thomas Q. Seabrooke, whose imitative qualities stand him in good stead. The imitation of Mr. Nye's drawling speech is a little too perfect—many of the lines would go better and the audience would have less opportunity to tire, if the utterances were accelerated a little.

Mr. Nye has attempted a most dangerous experiment in putting his own living identity on the stage as a dramatic character. He was probably quite aware of this when he made the attempt and should be gratified that his audacity was followed by moderate success instead of by absolute failure.

DID SHE KNOW ANY BETTER?

TEACHER (*in a private school in New York*): Young ladies, George William Curtis is to lecture to-morrow afternoon on Washington Irving. How many of you wish me to secure tickets for you?

ONE OF THE YOUNG LADIES: Who is George William Curtis?

TEACHER: He is one of the foremost literary men of the day.

YOUNG LADY: Who are the other three?



GENTLE READER, HAVE YOU EVER TRIED TO CATCH WHAT IS TERMED "A BALL RED HOT FROM THE BAT?" WE DID, ONCE, AND IF THE ABOVE WILL GIVE YOU ANY IDEA OF THE SENSATION WHICH FOLLOWED, OUR EXPERIENCE MAY BE OF BENEFIT TO YOU.



AN EXPEDIENT.

"I HAVE a weight upon my mind,"
I overheard him say.
That's good," said she, "it will keep the wind
From blowing it away."

—Detroit Free Press.

AN American in Paris, presenting a check at a bank, was met with the customary formula:

"You must be identified."

"Whom shall I get? The American Consul?"—with a shade of sarcasm in his tone.

"No; I don't know the American Consul."

The traveler objected that it was rather hard to expect of a total stranger that he should have already effected an *entrée* into the society graced by the teller. But the latter was obdurate. Then the traveler had a brilliant idea. He went into a neighboring café and called the waiter to him. "Do you know the teller of that bank?" he asked, pointing to the building.

"Oh, yes; he stops in here every day for his lunch."

"Well," said the traveler, "I want you to step into the bank with me and tell him that I am M. ———, of New York."

The waiter shrugged his shoulders. "Hé, monsieur, but I don't know you."

"That makes no difference; here's half a franc."

The argument was conclusive. The waiter took the tip, accompanied the traveler to the bank, and the teller accepted the identification without a murmur.—Once a Week.

THERE were five hard-looking men seated on a bench in City Hall Park, yesterday, and while four of them were asleep the fifth sat looking at his own toes. By-and-by, along came a man who halted to ask:

"Do any of you men want work?"

"What's the pay?" asks the fifth, after a long silence.

"Why, I'll give \$1.50 a day."

"What's the work?"

"Digging a cellar."

"I don't want it."

"Don't any of the rest want a job?"

"I think not; but if you'll make the pay \$2.00 a day and the work picking strawberries I'll take the chance of waking them up."—New York World.

"WHY doesn't your beau come to the house, Mary, instead of asking you to go out walking with him?"

"I'm sure I don't know. He is attentive enough and all that, but he don't seem to care to come to the house."

"Has he ever been to the house at all?"

"Only one night, and he cannot say that he wasn't entertained, for I played and sang to him everything I knew."—New York Press.

FIRST BROKER: Have you heard about the very latest railway disaster?

"No; what has happened?"

"Union Pacific stocks dropped four points yesterday."—Petrarch.

DO YOU OWN A MACKINTOSH?

They are very useful articles to have on rainy days, and if you will send to the

HODGMAN
Rubber Company,
459 & 461 Broadway,
NEW YORK,

you will receive a little book telling all about them. Samples of cloths also sent on request.

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